

PS 1274
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1894



Keen Philosophy.

LITERATURE

'Tis legon the innumerable,

To find the truth o'erse the whole;
The many channels that we find!

'Tis from the dross we draine the gold;
Employ the reason of the mind
And light the candle of the soul.

E. W. Carravagh. C. P.

(A new and enlarged edition.)

Illustrations by D. G. Rossetti

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PUBLIC INDIVIDUAL INTEREST.
THE AUTHORS HISTORY.

During my short stay in this beautiful City, I will reverse and write my history over again; so as credit all cities and public interest and perpare it for print, though it was first written for this perpose at Colorado Springs. It will contain selections of prose and poetry such as public sentiments and interest would justify me to print, under the protection of law, order, and good citizens.

The whole work, long expected amounting to some five hundred pages and over, has been impeded, and prevented by the great adversity, imperfect interest of two separate party having the advantage of my deafness to control things as they wished. And now in fear and trembling for the interest of those who wish to defend me in truth and right: I now submit the following.

I do not believe in additionals to ancient or modern litrature it it does not tend to decrease the present great amount of standard works by a more complete criticism-overhanding of the whole; and as the papers have lately estimated it would take many thousand of years or lifetimes, to read the great bulk of reading matters: I do not think more then 20 years of an ordianry mans life should be taken in learning all there is to know. In this, under Supreme guidance we are more capable; a man will think of as much in a day as he can read in many of year.

Therefore it seems vain and unprofitable for me to add, or write of anything but the most complete, and that has never before been fanthomed or understood rightly; such as the soul and Eternal exisstance must depend aund is qite universe to man; I believe in self-made men, on these we must depend sa to the magnet that points true when alt is lost; who under power and genius deny themselves to unhappy fate, conquer all things, and work themselves into fame and Eminence, If I use whatever genius that is given me and the people credit me for. I like to use it in form that will give the greatest meaning in the fewest words, as in the intended poem to the Worlds Exposition, and which the imperfect intrest prevented me from completing and to present it with a poem to the State of Colorado and myself before the Exposition closed.

Broad the way; and far, the worlds unknowing.

Deep the sea; and wide the oceans roll,

To higher aims—to stars! and firmaments showing,

From dust to dust, Eternal claims the soul.

The world has always seemed an open court to me, and many short poems of mine eagerly bought through Chicago and St-Louis, and other large cities westward; but few of them ever printed in the papers, It is necessary I should publish this speedly to prove my indent and gratify the interest of the people in a creditable impression; as my poems never fail to take effect if offred for sale so the following is my history in the shortest possible way it can be

given, and as it is written ready for the book and press.

My Father was born in Dublin Ireland. His mother was French, my Mother was born in England or Canada. Her father was German and her mother English. Therefore according to my parents test-moneys I am a direct decent of those four different Nations. English French, German, Irish. This is probly the reason the present age finds me so completely universal, to stir the four parts of the world so v. silently. I was born in Canada. Town of Peel, in the year 1859-61 Christined Methodest, the faith my parents then embraced. I come to America when nine years of age, to the State of Wis, I will always support the Standard of American Liberty, as a sure road to a strong and unchangful constitution of liberty and right before God, a designed constitution that was born many, and many, of years before established or conceived in the minds of men, in the birth of Christ. God has given me his own decree with his own hand and clothed me with fire that what I write in the promised book fourth-coming, should tend to the complete enlightenment of the world in Christ, I am the dect of a large family, some of them have turned out quite well, some — misters, one of whom died in Montreal Canada. My father was formly wealthy, but lost steadily, and when five years of age scarlet fever made its aparance in our family from which I lost one little brother, and another by name William, with myself lost our hearing. The organs of one of my ears — is entirely distroyed and runs very offensive matter, the other was made slightly deaf and declined untill I can hear no sound but the loudest, the drum of the left ear is profrated letting the sound and free air right on to the nerves closing them, this is the reason I can nether stand a loud sound or hear a common one; or distinguish sentence except by expression of the face and by motion of lips I was fourteen years of age when I last heard the birds sing and the harmonies of nature, and learned to read and write much sooner, all the education I ever had in letters was before the age of sixteen years God has taught me about all there is to know since then, and at time of writing am extremely well versed in all spiritual Divinity, being a great reader and thinker, it seldom takes me longer then from one and seven to ten hours to read a volume of from two hundred and fifty to five hundred pages, as one who reads partly by sentence and before I com to completeness of knowlege that compeled me to understand I had grasped the ocean in one hand, and the land in the other; there seemed no bottem to the lightning like thought, that was spurned on by some invisable power over which I had no control: untill I had grasped existance in my hands.

"Through I could reach from pole, to pole
And grasp creation in my span.
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

There is no bound or limit to Infinite thought, unless fixed in somthing on earth in doing good in hope of heaven. I become dumb partly because I could not control my voice properly, and partly

from the comprehending of existance and beholding of Gods great mystryes all at once. when arriving at the stage of manhood when the spiritual and naturel law takes place for better or worse and we are tried by higher powers. and have always possessed very heavy power since conversion about the year 1880. and was so extremly sensitive though my youththat I disowned my defective speech and hearing untill I was compelled to acknowlege, and saw that it was better for me to own my state such as it is, and not to notic by signs or expression, but to do all my conversation by writing as sure and not deceitful; my genius being far greater then my naturel ability in ether sense speaking or hearing, and put me in a far greater and higher position then I was able to defend without all my naturel senses, and those who obtained the position of favor and trust, acted in every way but the right way, and in revenge stirred up a hell upon earth; and made me an innocent victim of every device imaginable; in everyway it could be done without detection a mortal shame.

Sweet are manners and grace that lights the way,
Of love and truth the brightness of the day.
*When sumum jus, summa injuria** we greet.
Mid'st blinding glares when darkest terrors meet.

* * * * *

When stars shall cease to shine as diamonds bright,
The earth, sun, and moon, may fade away.
What now we gain in life, as holy light!
Almighty God, shall time Eternal day.

My writings the most of them-are very solid, but the actions of the adverse in love and marriage affairs put me under mental strains that the most powerful genius living could not have withstood so help me God, I will still vanquish and conquer and dwell with thee in Eternity! when scarce thirteen years of age I was much inclined towards God, with a desire to perform his will, and found no stories so romance, thrilling, and interesting, as the Bible, and when very young read it continually, and prefered it to any other manuscript From the age of fifteen up to nineteen my life was spent in innocent misguidence when light visits of the spirit of God come upon me and I began a genius reform; and a few years later a brother of mine a constant companion whom I loved dearly died, a shock that bewil ded and completely overthrew me. I now become a devoted christian reformer, and was prostrated many, and many of times by power and extremity of the most high and underwent many extrodianly revelations, and sin having revived unto death my feet slipping a few times I became bound in bonds of steel. †

* The rigor of the law is the hight of oppressions.

† "Bound in bounds of steel" Longfellow, expresses this in the last verse of his "Warning where he says—There is a poor blind Samson In the land

Shorn of his strength, bound in bounds
of steel.
Who may, in some grim revel rise his hand
And shake the pillars of the common weal."
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

Samson is the law whos strength Christ has shorn, and as many as are under the law are blind,

I run of in the wilderness knowing no rest night or day, but walking alone with God. During this time I formed many brilliant conceptions of poetry, one of which is as following; but wrote many years later the demands and per caut ion of others wou ld never let me rest to complete many brilliant effusions that had certianly made me Immortal

CREATION OF MAN. AND WOMAN.

Long, Long, ago!
When the sky was deep and blue,
When Eternal ages run:
Before the created knew.
When God; contempelated creating man.
He brought him forth from the dust and sod.
For the begining and the end,
In the image of God.
And as the spirit and the wind listeth; Adam come and grew.
As in a dream the Immortal existeth
All things he knew. Alone! Alone! with God!
O What mystrys did the mind conceive;
As he beheld the world as far as he could see.
He called it a garden, and all things he knew;
He knew them, and called them by there names.
And God loved Adam as his own image,
And Adam lived in wonder and loved God

In the morning of the world.

* * * * *

And was there something wanting for Adam.
As in a dream, he did not know.
Was it somebody to share the glory?
Of the beautiful garden where the Immortal grew!
He wondered everywheres, but could not be found.
The object of his desire where to be.
He sang his songs in prayer, but not a sound
Untill God answerd I will answer thee.

“It is not good for man to be alone.”

And the stars! shone brightly, as Adam fell—
within a dream a sleep!
Whatever magicial operations there was,
‘tis God alone that knowes.
How long he slept; did angels watch and weep?
Hark! a sound in the wind that blows.

And Adam awake, and did perceive,
B’held a form and it was Eve!
And Adam knew and loved her.
Bow’d to the morning star.

“Then sang the birds in paradise”
As he loved her, so he made her,
Bright and far as angels are.

But the world has lowly laid her,
From the glory of the stars.

Nothing could be more original or near the divine conception, indeed I seemed to be the living actor, and underwent almost the same spiritual operation; I experienced the same sublime holiness and solitude; that we feel when we imagine or read of our Immortal Forefather. About this time when in the wilderness, both Father and Son where revealed to me in a spiritual vision about the same hour "As many as keep my sayings we will love him, and manifest ourselves to him the heaven was open I heard voices, songs, and heavenly music. wherein I transgressed the sayings of St. Paul. where it says: "Say not in thy heart who shall ascend heaven, that is to bring Christ down from above; or who shall descend into the deep, that is to bring up Christ again from the dead" this vision manifested Christ again upon earth, as we have often read or seen him in the garden or wilderness, in the posture of prayer, on the right hand of God. in decent from above. I began to break out the exclamation "O! how I love thee" the answer come in the deepest sorrow, "If you loved me you would keep my savings" the vision of the Father was up heavenwards surrounded by a halo, at the top of a great beam, his hand extended showing me the righteousness and illumination of his Son. and a voice come plainly, "An open door is before thee that no man can shut" the same sentence that we have hear other great reformers declare, since then nothing could move me from the truth and word of God. and have fought with the greatest adverse powers that man can be tempered with, conquered in the truth and word of God in correct divination. Being a terrible warrior in Christ. the ladies whom I love—if any single one of them, act the least improper from what I should expect as the most gentle of mortals I will forever avoid the parties if possible; if their actions do not prove justifiable, as I consider it an inexcusable insult for anyone to believe anything improper of me under the circumstances: as those who experience my character will find me the most honest, truthful, and gentle of mortals though tortured by sensitiveness I endure all things as the unlight quietly, modestly, and placently.

Sweet in lovespring hearts are glowing;
Some with dying eyes are closing.
Some misguided hearts are breaking,
Some in sleep that knows no waking.
Some in anguish, some in bitter curse
As the world whirleth onwards within its course.

All who have the spirit of the Father and are schooled by the law to real acceptance, is a terrible rigor; but in the schooling from it to the second decree in Christ. As in the following beautiful form: is all the elements of religion.

To trust in him who's kingdom above,
The God-send for all while here below;
Who performed a righteousness of independent love.
In this, the rivers of life to flow:—
And changed as becomes everything.
Our trials so hard so more will meet.
In the beauties of earth as minnesting!
The hope, and expectations sweet.
To be “born again” and created anew
This is, designed for me and you.

* * . * *

So great a glory transformed this,
For worlds unknowing transet bles't.
Where winning love turns our woe aside,
For this our Lord dear Saviour Jesus died.

While this will be true salvation to some, it will be partition to others: it depends on how they are schooled: and know from the evidence of all things.

BRIGHT STAR OF THE MORNING.

To love you bright Ideal, the light of the rarest!
O! let then our love be that of the purest.
To love, and to cherish, the rights of adoring.
O live but for me “Bright star of the morning!”
In the brow the crescents where thy garments are traling,
In the gray dawn of light, in ethereal love.

Thou turneth to the doors where my heart lies ailing.
And Gabriel sounds to the rights of my moves.

As oft have I watched through the long hours of twa-
[light.]

Thy brightness and glory, as thy sisters were straying.
A twinkling! twinkling! till the broad hours of daylight.
As if angels and babies about were playing!

And long, since the time; and the age of thy waking.
When life was abounding lamentable woe!

Thou shone fourth thy rays in the hearts of the brak-
[ing.]

And glory was sounded to thy celestial glow.

The home the soul, the home of Immortals.

The Far! Far away, beyond the stars overhead.

Thou glistens, and glows, near the sunlight and portals.
And the heavens declares it is thee I should wed.

To love you sweet I'N, the light of the rarest!

O, let then our love be that of the purest.

To love, and to cherish, the rights of adoring.

O! live but for me bright star of the morning!

LISTEN LOVE.

Tell me how that I can please you

Listen love thy voice impart,

How to care, how to ease you.

All my soul, all my heart.

As, the silent river flowing;

Sunlight glistening, starlight gleams!

So there is a love unkno ving;

Deep within Immortal dreams.

In thy beauty, and agreement,

In the glory grace divine!

Suf-fer me, those words indearmant,

Tell me will you not be mine?

In this life as I please you,

Of my duty, and my part.

How to care, how to ease you
All my soul all my heart.

The following beautiful poem was writing by me at the request of the wife of the gentleman; who passed through the late war: and died among the Rocky Mountains.

LIEUTENANT, W. B. McClellan.

Man are born to rise or fall
What honor marks there cheer,
And God Almighty ruleth all
From birth to casket bier.

And when the storm of life has pas'd
We hope, but no one knows,
What has become of forms we pres'd
Cold lies, beneath the snow.

The soul as pure as heavens sky
We count Immortal day.
But then the form as clouds feet by
As quickly sure decay.

And all that's dear to tie of life,
To childhood home so sweet.
So very dear thy husband-wife
O! never more to meet.

We morn to heaven lift our eyes
O God thy vision fills.
The calling home from earth to sky
We know it is thy will.

And over the rocky mountain main,
His footstep traced Cree l*
There died — his dear young wife in wan
Now morns a widow weeds.

"And O she said I loved him so
Most gallant, brave, and true,
But now of him no more will know
H's gone to gates of blue."

He pas'd the din, the terrible war
All through the North and South;
And now he joins his county stars.
For all of heros worth.

A'way beyond the western plain!
The far oft faronter.
And to the stormy meridian
When night was drawing near.

And now his form we see no more
On mount, or western hills.
He is gone to walk the golden shore
The everlasting wills.

* Small town among the rocky mountains.

I would like the peple to understand that this is intirely my own work wherein the people c in judge me, and where I can glory, and not in anothers. The Manager and many other other gentleman offered to do my proofreading; but this I disregarded as I am sure I can do my own work perfectly if I have the necessary leisure and means at desposal: besides I do not wish the people to acknowledge me for aything not my own exclusively.

It seems that some parties are not content to swindle me our of all property, by taking the advantage of my deafness, but every little fault is made a continual dispute that the value or whatever is beautiful and good may be renderd to themselves; the people think there is something wrong, they are quite right but if they will only believe me where myself is concerned they will never be decived by professonal hood winkers.

I Am the poet of the "Bright and morning star" of State and National, of Beauty, Love, and Friendship. As well as a City Poet. And everthing will be proven as I say as soon as I am able to publish my book: and being soroun led as I state in my history it takes all I can do to defend myself.

E. W. CAVANAGH. DEAF POET.

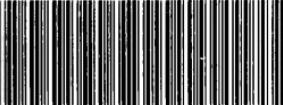
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MUTE IMMORTAL STRAINS.

DEAF POET

*All things in life so sweet, so dear
I do deny I cannot hear;
The rushing winds the sounds of spring
The babbling brooks, the birds that sing:
The listening leaves, the mountain breezes,
The sounding noise of winter frozes,
The roaring storms and dashing waters,
And most of all—earth's fairest daughters.
And yet, to b' so sensitive of spirit!
It seems as though that I can hear it.*

E. W. Caronagh, D. P.

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